Age No Bar to Woman in Real Estate

By HARRIETT GEITHMANN.

IF some one told you that a little gray haired woman, 58 years young, who could not see to read or write, walked out of her narrow housekeeping circle and actually started a real estate office and built suburban homes you might say "Nonsense!"

But such a pioneer is Mrs. Henrietta McCloy of Lakewood in Seattle. "Invincible" is her middle name. When once she sees a vision or hears even a whisper from the still, small voice she looks neither to the right nor to the left but plows her furrow straight ahead until the job is done.

Even though she be a grandmother of two strapping lads who call her "Gaga" she does not propose to climb up on the shelf in the family chimney corner and knit even though she could see to knit. Neither does she propose to fold the drapery of her couch about her and lie down to pleasant dreams, just because she is now nearly three score. Not she! The calendar means nothing in her young life. Neither does she propose to chew on the fleeting memories of the past just because her eyes are bad. She gets a typewriter, learns the touch system, and the day and the correspondence are saved.

After her husband's death Mrs. McCloy found herself in the little suburb of Lakewood surrounded by vacant land, a northern wilderness in fact, with no prospect of selling it forever and a day. The only lively prospect in sight was the sheriff's hammer in the air, selling property at auction.

She was enjoying solid comfort in a nice, plushy, housekeeping home when suddenly she realized:

"I must either sell this land myself or let the sheriff sell it for me," she meditated.

Had she not carved out her own little garden spot in the wilderness of evergreens and madronas and built a bungalow of irresistible charm? Had she not built her own cobblestone chimney by studying a book from the library? Had she not done all this pioneering before her eyes dimmed, before the light started to flicker out? Was she not ready for the next wave? She was.

Suddenly when she was almost sixty years old she had a powerful hunch which said: "Open up a real estate office on one of your own lots and build houses and sell the land yourself." And she did.

As soon as the wee office was established where the car whizzed past every twenty minutes, amidst an attractive setting of flower boxes and hanging baskets, brimming over with scarlet geraniums and blue lobelia, with an official blackboard on the lawn on which she listed her property, she began to attract good fortune. She believed that she herself was good fortune and so she was. The good neighbors called. They listed their property with her to sell. Business picked up apace.

One by one she built little homes on her vacant lots and one by one she sold them. Usually she sold one before she built another. It paid better for her to operate that way on account of her limited capital. She talked to the newlyweds straight from the shoulder with the wisdom of their grandmother. She talked to them about owning their own home and what it would mean in the future. She kindled in their young hearts the keen desire for a home. She never pushed them into a deal, but encouraged them to think well before they plunged. Then she knew they would be satisfied. It worked like a charm and the houses sold like hot cakes and the land sold with them. She made her initial payments easy and gave her young investors every opportunity to gain a running start.

When she first began, she proceeded very slowly, never dreaming of borrowing money at 7 per cent. from the banks and using it to advantage. As her courage mounted she borrowed money for building purposes, giving first mortgages on her land. That enabled her to go ahead with the business and make better progress.

She drew her own plans on the blackboard and saved the price of an architect; figured out the dimensions and cost; hired her own foreman and remained on the job with the carpenters, shinglers and plasterers until the job was done and the key in her pocket.

Her recreational hours were spent in her Lakewood garden where her sweet corn waved above her head and her grandsons coaxed her to romp with them or to tell them stories.

The way she clung to her job, like a puppy to a root, is best illustrated by her own account of a community picnic on the beach:

"It was on a Sunday. All the neighbors and my son's family had gone picnicking. Apparently I was alone in the neighborhood. I paced the floor of my little real estate office and called myself unlovely names for sticking so closely to business.

"As the day waned I glimpsed a young couple inspecting the sign on the lawn. Then they came in and informed me that on their homeward way from the picnic they were looking around for a house. I took them up the street and sold them a five room cottage. That was satisfaction enough for me and paid me dividends even greater than the commission which I earned that day to make the wheels go round."

Henrietta McCloy has now experienced two fat years and two lean years and all the while she is growing keener about the building business. She has sold off all her wilderness bordering on Lake Washington and elsewhere, all of which is now blossoming like the rose. She has gained an independence, a comfortable competency for the sunset years of life. She has defeated her handicap to the extent that those who know her best have almost forgotten that she is thus handicapped. She has immeasurably widened her horizon and her sphere of influence with the men, women and children in her own neighborhood and home city. If she wishes to spend the winter in the sunshine of southern California, where lectures and concerts delight her soul, she can, for the way has been paved with hard work. She has achieved the "impossible" in the face of overwhelming odds because she kept her eye single to the purpose and focused on the building and selling of suburban homes.

"A good, systematic housewife has the makings of a good business woman," says Mrs. McCloy. "Perhaps the big reason that more housewives do not succeed in a business venture is because they permit themselves to be snowed under with their many distractions, social and otherwise. They fail to concentrate. What I have done any other woman so situated can do if she keeps her eye single to the purpose."

The District Attorney

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prestige. Even then he will fool you—if he keeps quiet. About all you can do is to say that he does *not* seek self-advertisement, does not appear to be playing politics, seems to be getting about as many convictions as usual, and, so far as can be known, is neither multiplying "Assmanshausens" on the one hand, or turning out guilty Barabbases upon the other.

The hitherto unenlightened reader may find himself somewhat surprised at the variance between his own preconceptions of the necessary qualifications and official duties of a prosecutor and what has been here set forth. He will certainly conclude that he has underestimated the importance of those functions which the District Attorney performs at his desk as contrasted with those in the court room, and he may perhaps realize for the first time the reason why, when at last an indictment is actually moved for trial and the defendant is at the bar, the prosecutor no longer feels obliged to adopt the attitude of a good Samaritan toward the prisoner and his lawyer.

For before that consummation has at last been attained, and the unwilling defendant has been forced to trial, the evidence against him has gone through such a winnowing process that his guilt is not only presumptive but, in the vast majority of cases, absolutely certain. In the first place, he has been arrested under circumstances which satisfy the police, at any rate, of his guilt; the evidence has been heard and sifted by a magistrate who has found reasonable cause to believe him guilty; the District Attorney, if he has not done so already, now, through the assistant in charge of the Grand Jury, makes a thorough examination into the merits of the case, and if he has any doubt about it, takes steps to have that body throw it out; the Grand Jury hear the witnesses and must be reasonably certain that their action is justifiable before they indict, and last, but by no means least, the assistant to whom the case is assigned for trial goes over it with a fine tooth comb, and if he believes, not merely that there is any doubt of the defendant's guilt, but that there is any considerable doubt of his own ability to demonstrate it and secure a conviction, he is astute to find any sort of colorable excuse to recommend a dismissal and thus escape the odium of an acquittal.

If there be any one who, after these various consecutive steps have been taken, thinks that the District Attorney should not proceed on the theory that it is his business to prove the defendant guilty by every proper means at his command, he belongs among those who still believe that the proper way to have met the invaders of Belgium would have been to go out unarmed to greet the German hosts, singing songs of welcome, and thus to have covered them with shame. No, there is a point where the District Attorney has presumably fulfilled his duty toward the defendant as "one of the public" and when it has become his business to send him up if he honorably can do so.

Some fifteen years ago in "The Prisoner at the Bar," a little book dealing with the administration of criminal justice, I said:

"The District Attorney is a quasi-judicial officer, who must be at one and the same time the friend and right arm of the court and the advocate of the public right. His official position gives him an influence with the jury which honor forbids him to abuse, and demands an impartial consideration of the evidence and a dignified method of conducting the case, irrespective of the tactics of the defense. He represents not only the public, but the defendant, who is one of the public. He should be glad to welcome at any stage of the proceedings credible evidence tending to establish the innocence of the accused and if it convinces him that the defendant is not guilty he should, even in the midst of a trial, arise and move that the jury be discharged and the prisoner set free. But this is by no means inconsistent with a vigorous insistence upon the people's rights, nor does it require that the prosecutor should refrain from using the advocate's customary weapons of attack and defense. While he is cross-examining the witnesses for the defense and arguing to the jury, he is for the time being the lawyer for the people, and the Appellate Courts have said that it would be manifestly unfair not to extend to him in summing up the case an equal latitude of expression and scope of argument with counsel for the defendant."

One might suppose after reading the remarks of certain reformers and penologists that the community had no rights at all. The constitutional guaranties which protect the liberty of the individual men were not intended to deprive the public of an advocate. But with all regard to humanity, it is not without reason that some of us have a sneaking fondness for the kind of prosecutor who when once he has stepped into the ring, while too proud to hit his adversary below the belt, does his best to knock him out.

The Arab's Qualities

VISITORS to Mesopotamia marvel at the vigor and endurance shown by the Arab workman and by his quick adaptability to modern methods. Especially do foreigners find his energy amazing, because a large part of the year he subsists on little besides dates.

However, such persons forget the vital and nourishing qualities of the date, rich in sugar, mine of energy and nutrition. Physicians have declared dates and milk an excellent diet.

Therefore it is not surprising that the Arabs are able to perform severe tasks in the heat of the desert sun. To the efficiency of these workmen a British commission has testified. In addition, it is said that the Arab is cheerful, uncomplaining and willing, that he does more work than the average East Indian coolie, and is easy to handle if properly treated.

Prehistoric Monster

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to hunt a veritable prehistoric—what? Jurassic!—monster over new tracked snow from the old Paris-Pekin route.

Lelouvier (who knows the ground, none better) claims it to be absolutely feasible to motor in new, modern equipped cars right up to Bering Strait.

He recalls his trip with his runaway bride in a 40 horsepower automobile of the 1906 model!

"Over the hard snow and ice bound rivers, from Verkhoiansk to Yakoutsk, steering by compass mostly, no roads being visible, was like speeding on a smooth race track. Not once did we have a puncture or a blowout. In such cold, the motor, never heating, gives its full force without loss by evaporation or danger of gripping.

"With a modern 30 horsepower, or even 20 horsepower, equipped interiorly in the style of my benefactor, the Siberian Prince, I guarantee carrying supplies for it from station to station as far as 1,000 miles apart!"

The Siberian Prince (alas!) has been lost in the shuffle. But the Soviets are quite as aristocratically liberal handed for those whom they would entice. The super hunt tempts French and British sports immensely. The Keratosaurus and his family are up there in Kamtchatka, "making their own roads to hunt them by!"

"In a winter climate that goes to 85 degrees below zero Fahrenheit it is a health and sporting trip," says Lelouvier, "to motor over the hard snow and ice. Infinite silence weighs over all. Nature sleeps. Rivers no longer flow. The sun moves round, at the height of a few degrees, clean cut and strong, without red halo. Through the pure, cloudless air the crow flies weakly, leaving a light trail of vapor."

And, beneath, the Keratosaurus—on the job.

He sticks to a chosen route. He has his family breaking roads to Bering Strait, unconsciously, of course, but there you are! They may cross back this winter to Alaska if the ice holds. Any way, the Soviets affirm, the Keratosaurus leaves a plain road by which to be run down.

Paris-New York by land? The monsters found the route while men were fighting!

Bonapartes in America

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city, to which she referred as "the little trading town of Baltimore," and lived there quietly until her death at the age of 94 on April 4, 1879.

Her son took an active interest in public affairs of Baltimore. Through the strong influence of his wife he became a loyal and devoted American. He took the side of the North in the civil war, and when the Maryland Club of Baltimore was split into two factions he was chosen the first president of the Union Club, formed by the Northern sympathizers.

Two sons were born of this marriage. The older, Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, served as an officer of the French army in Italy and the Crimea. The younger, Charles Joseph Bonaparte, became a successful lawyer and a friend and strong admirer of President Roosevelt, in whose Cabinet he was Secretary of the Navy and Attorney-General. He was a man of high ideals, a model citizen and a patriotic American.